

£1,000,000 AS WEDDING PRESENT TO A BRIDE

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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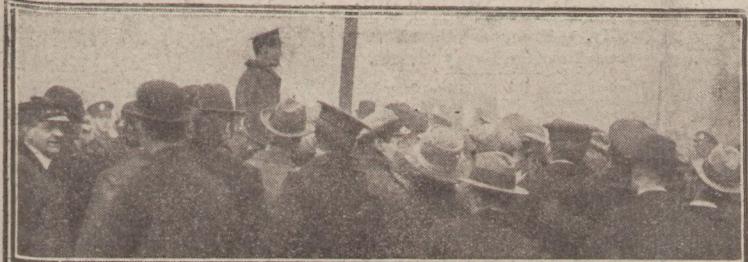
[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

DEMOBILISATION TROUBLES SETTLED IN LONDON AREA



Around an A.S.C. lorry that broke down in Whitehall. The men claimed they had "done their bit."



Speaking to comrades who feel they have not been treated fairly in demobilisation arrangements.

There have been several outbreaks of discontent at military centres in London and elsewhere among soldiers who do not understand that demobilisation is a difficult and

complex business. The men who were concerned only needed the assurance that fair and reasonable treatment was being accorded to them before returning to their duty.

EX-PRESIDENT "TEDDY" ROOSEVELT SUDDENLY DIES OF HEART FAILURE IN SLEEP AT HIS HOME.



Receiving delegation of bankers during Liberty Loan campaign.



A portrait of the ex-President.



Speaking to the crowd at a get-on-with-the-war meeting.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, affectionately known everywhere as "Teddy," ex-President of the United States, soldier and statesman, has just died at his residence, Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, from heart failure. After a life of the most strenuous activity in

numberless different fields, he quietly passed away in his sleep. The ex-President was always popular in this country, and his whole-hearted espousal of the Allies' cause from the very first days of the war increased the regard in which he was held.

£1,000,000 AS A WEDDING GIFT.

Lord Michelham's Present to Daughter-in-Law.

PEER'S SON MARRIED.

Hon. H. A. Stern, Who Is Heir to a Fortune of £20,000,000.

A wedding present of £1,000,000!

It almost takes one's breath away. Yet that was one of the gifts received by Miss Beatrice Capel, who was married last Saturday at All Saints' Church, Knightsbridge, to Lord Michelham's eldest son and heir, the Hon. H. A. Stern.

The gift was made to her by Lord Michelham. The bridegroom is heir to his father's wealth, estimated at £20,000,000.

Owing to the serious indisposition of the bridegroom's father the wedding was quietly observed. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford gave the bride away, and Lady Michelham and Count de Luttrell signed the register.

The bride can converse in six languages. She is a sister of Captain Arthur Capel (who married the daughter of Lord Riddel) and daughter of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Capel, and her mother was considered a most beautiful woman.

The honeymoon will be spent at Sherbourne House, the seat of Lord Sherbourne.

Lord Michelham is the famous financier who has made so many public benefactions. He has given £500,000 to war charities apart from such gifts as St. Swithin's Abbey to the nation, Astoria, in Paris, as a hospital, and Queen Mary's ambulance corps.

Lady Michelham is credited with possessing the finest jewels in the world, including the famous Russian jewels, which once belonged to an Empress of Russia. Lady Michelham has had the honour of receiving the Moon Star and the Legion of Honour.

Chancellor's Secretary Engaged.—The engagement is announced between Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, the private secretary to Mr. Bonar Law, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and son of Sir James and Lady Mackenzie Davidson, and Joann, younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Willoughby and Lady Dickinson.

Ship of Fiancées.—The Donaldson liner *Saturnus* has left Glasgow for Canada with a large number of Scottish girls who are going out to the Dominion to marry Canadian fathers.

There are still hundreds of Scottish brides who have married Canadian soldiers in this country, waiting to be taken over to Canada, says the Canadian Government agent, at Glasgow.

WAR WIDOW'S WEDDING.

Dowager Lady Clarendon Gives Away Bride at Earl Cathcart's Marriage.

Earl Cathcart was married to Mrs. de Grey at Holy Trinity, Soho-square, yesterday. The wedding was doubly interesting from the fact that the Dowager Lady Clarendon gave the bride away.

Mrs. de Grey, who arrived early, wore a grey-bedecked gown with a glittering train of jet and tinsel, over which a long dark-blue veil floated.

Up to the announcement of his engagement last month Lord Cathcart—he is fifty-six—was looked upon as a confirmed bachelor, and was a guiding spirit at the Bachelors' Club.

The bride's first husband fell in action twelve months ago.

SNOW STOPS TELEGRAMS.

Many Parts of Country in Grip of Winter.

Many parts of the country are still deeply covered in snow, and telegraphic and telephone communication has not yet been restored.

The damage to wires in the Frome (Somerset) district is so great that probably nearly a month will elapse before all connections are restored.

The old town of Bakewell, situated among the hills of Derbyshire, has been completely cut off from telegraphic and telephone communication with the outside world.

From Northampton to Peterborough the Nene Valley is one huge lake. Some of the locks have burst.

The Thames has risen 4in. in two hours at Chertsey. Bungalows are flooded at Penton Hook.

To-day's Weather.—Disturbances from the Atlantic are likely to maintain unsettled weather over the whole country, with winds from a southerly or westerly direction in the south and more variable in Scotland.

MACKENSEN'S PRISON.

A telegram from Vienna states that according to the Budapest papers a high French officer yesterday called upon Marshal von Mackensen at Poth Castle and informed him that the Entente Supreme Command had decided to remove him to Salonika.

Marshal von Mackensen was overwhelmed by the news.—Reuter.



Sir Fredk. E. Smith, Attorney-General, who will be the new Lord Chancellor.



Lieut. Milton Fowler Gregg, M.C., Royal Canadian Regiment—a new V.C.

LORD CHANCELLOR.

Sir Frederick E. Smith to Succeed Lord Finlay.

BIG PENSIONS TO BE CUT DOWN.

The *Daily Mirror* understands that Sir Frederick E. Smith, Attorney-General since 1915, will be the new Lord Chancellor.

The position carries with it a salary of £10,000 a year.

The Chancellor in the late Administration was Lord Finlay, who has filled the office since December 1916.

It is highly probable that the huge pensions drawn by ex-Lord Chancellors may shortly be cut down.

There are no fewer than four ex-Lord Chancellors drawing pensions of £5,000 a year at the present time. Their names and years of service are:

Lord Halsbury, 17 years; Lord Buckmaster, 1 year

Lord Lovell, 6 years; and 6 months.

Lord Haldane, 3 years.

Lord Finlay, the retiring Chancellor, stipulated on taking office that his rights to a pension should be waived.

The Premier returned to Downing-street yesterday and afterwards went on to Walton Heath.

THE WAR IN COLOURS.

Canadian Battle Pictures—Wonderful Display of Last Phase.

The giant coloured war photographs which are shown at the exhibition of Canadian battle pictures at the Grafton Galleries will draw all London.

The exhibition, under the auspices of the Canadian Records Office, will be opened to-day by Sir Edward Kemp, and General Sir Arthur Currie, the corps commander, will be the guest of honour.

Among this vivid and extraordinary collection surely the most remarkable is one which runs 200ft. around the Grand Gallery.

This is a picture of unusual historic interest and presents a unique study of all types of weapons, to which the little French children who play about among them give an appealing human touch.

Thus the Canadian War Records Office commemorates the last dramatic three months of the world war, when, as part of Sir Douglas Haig's wonderful British Army, the Canadian Corps played its part.

GETTING CAPTIVES AWAY.

British Doctors Visit Paschim, Germany, Where 'Flu Has Abated.

The influenza at Paschim Camp, Germany, has abated, states the Inter-Departmental Committee on Prisoners of War.

Two British doctors visited the camp on January 2, and ample medical stores are available there.

A doctor is resident at the camp. There are about ninety sick, and they will be cleared as they are fit to travel. A hospital train is ready to take those who can be moved.

Since the date of the armistice 6,845 officers, 130,350 other ranks and 4,502 civilians have been repatriated. These figures include about 655 Allied prisoners of war.

AERIAL JOY RIDES?

Will the 1919 summer holiday craze be aerial joy rides?

Mr. Thomas declared that extensive preparations are being made for holiday flying this summer.

"I certainly think that many people will want to fly this summer," says Mr. Thomas, "and particularly those who have not yet been up in an aeroplane."

"I shall have machines ready for the purpose, and have already engaged pilots."

"NO BULLET MADE FOR ME."

Private Colman, the new Burton-on-Trent V.C., held the strong belief throughout the war that there was no bullet made for him.

To his mother he wrote: "I feel proud to let you know of this great honour, dear mother. We have to thank God again and push on for the high calling which awaits us all."

SERVANT SHORTAGE.

Few Domestic Servants Though Pay Has Gone Up 100 per Cent.

WHY WOMEN ARE IDLE.

Wanted, two trustworthy and capable women as cook-general or cook-housekeeper and house-parlourmaid for a small West End house; family of two; references; wages £50 and £40 a year.

The above advertisement is typical of many hundreds that are now appearing.

A salary of £40 a year for a house-parlourmaid represents an advance of 100 per cent. on pre-war salaries. Yet the demand for servants is growing every day.

It is not surprising that the servant problem is becoming acuter than ever. For a premium is being placed upon idleness.

Every woman or girl employee at a Government office is guaranteed an allowance of 25s. per week at the time of her discharge.

This allowance is continued for a period of six months, but is forfeited should the recipient find employment in the meantime.

On inquiry at one of the London Labour Exchanges *The Daily Mirror* learned that an additional allowance is made for every child under fifteen, the first child receiving 6s. and the younger children 3s. a week.

MANLY PRINCE ALBERT."

Now Serving as Staff Officer with Canadian Corps.

Prince Albert, second son of the King, is now on the Headquarters Staff of the Canadian Corps (writes Mr. F. James, official Canadian correspondent).

Though he has only been with the corps for a short time, he is showing, like his brother, the Prince of Wales, who was on the Canadian Staff for some time, that he, too, is a manly and democratic young man, with a similar eagerness to learn of men and things first hand.

THE NEW INQUISITION.

Terrifying Prospect When Every one Reveals Every Secret.

Pleading before the Birth-Rate Commission yesterday, Dr. T. H. C. Stevenson, a statistician of the Royal Society of Medicine, said that under the scheme eugenists would be provided in course of time with pedigree records of the population comparable in accuracy with those already provided for prize live stock.

Sir Edward Brabrook asked if there was to be a breeding certificate which would only be kept private. Was there to be no secret of his life which he was not to reveal to some Government official? Were they really prepared to ask everyone to tell everything?

The Chairman (Bishop of Birmingham): I am not going to tell them, at any rate.

FAINTED WITH HORROR.

Russian Officer's Collapse While Lecturing on Bolshevik Brutalities

So overcome by his recollections of the horrors he had seen was M. Poklowski-Koziel, a young Polish officer who arrived from Prag, that he fainted yesterday while lecturing to a number of society women on the state into which Bolshevism has driven Russia.

Women of the aristocracy, he said, and high officers of the army were forced each night to



Sir Edward Kemp, opening exhibition of Canadian battle photographs at the Grafton Galleries to-day.



Mrs. Struter, Recruit Controller of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps, who has been awarded the M.B.E.

dig graves and bury the decaying bodies of their friends.

The condemned were thrust 120 at a time into a small room, and were so tightly packed that no one could sit down.

When herrings were thrown in once a day only those by the door could obtain any.

Bodies of the dead stood wedged between the living, unable to fall.

3,000 RAILWAYMEN OUT.

The strike of the shopmen on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway has not extended to London, and the train service is being maintained.

The number of strikers is about 3,000.

MR. ROOSEVELT DIES IN HIS SLEEP.

Masterful Man Who Was Friend of Britain.

GRIEF IN AMERICA.

Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States, a great American, a masterful man and a friend of Great Britain, is dead.

He died on Monday morning while asleep at his home at Oyster Bay.

It is stated, says a Reuter New York message, that the immediate cause of Mr. Roosevelt's death was a pulmonary embolism or the lodging on the lung of a clot of blood from a broken vessel.

Mr. Roosevelt's physician (says an Exchange New York message), in a statement to the United Press, said: "Mr. Roosevelt retired at midnight feeling much better."

His wife when called stood the shock bravely. The sons and daughters were summoned by telegram.

Colonel Roosevelt, says Reuter, was entirely in good condition and spirits forty-eight hours before his death, when he was laughing and joking with friends.

It is generally believed that the death of his son Quentin in an aeroplane combat in France contributed to the colonel's breakdown.

While he bore the loss with characteristic fortitude, he suffered poignantly and plunged harder than ever into work.

The only persons in the house when Colonel Roosevelt breathed his last, said a Reuter New York message, were Mrs. Roosevelt and the servants.

His two sons, Kermit and Theodore, are on military service in France. The Colonel spent Sunday evening reading, conversing with his wife, and chatting with a friend named Faller.

When Mr. Faller left the Colonel was laughing heartily, and called "Good night" most cheerfully.

He retired at midnight, and Mrs. Roosevelt sat with him, calling, retiring to her own room when he fell asleep.

At the moment of his death no one was with him but his valet, who at 4.15 a.m. became alarmed by his master's appearance, and called for the nurse, but nothing could be done for the Colonel, who was already dead.

In Washington and New York flags were half-masted at the White house and on all public buildings on the announcement of Colonel Roosevelt's death.

The announcement of the death was immediately cabled to President Wilson.

The funeral, says Reuter, takes place to-morrow, and fifteen Senators have been officially appointed to attend.

ROUHRIDER SOLDIER.

What a Dying Man Said to Teddy—Shake, Old Pard."

Ex-President Roosevelt was sixty years of age. He was of American and Scots descent.

He stood for the mayoralty of New York in 1886, and was defeated, as a consequence of political corruption rampant in the force, and, despite all the powers of Tammany, despite, too, repeated threats of assassination, succeeded in establishing many reforms.

These feats were followed by some fine work in the Navy Department during the time of President McKinley. Trouble had been brewing for ten years between the States and Spain apropos the condition of things in the island of Cuba.

Roosevelt had enlisted and organised a regiment known colloquially as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," and when war broke out their colonel commanded them.

Roosevelt attempted, at the almost certain cost of his life, to rescue one of his men who had been shot through the body.

He died in the middle of a storm of fire to a place of safety, but it was too late. "You're a good chap, Teddy," said the dying man, "but it's no use. I'm going home. Shake, old pard."

AN HONEST POLITICIAN.

When McKinley was done to death by the assassin, he telegraphed the blow that killed him—automatically converted Roosevelt into President of the United States.

He held the position for three years by right of succession, and for the first time was able to show the whole extent of his great powers as statesman and administrator. His term expired in 1904, and he was re-elected by an enormous majority.

He did more than any other man to end the war between Russia and Japan, a solid testimony to the universal admiration and respect won by his unwavering political honesty.

On the outbreak of the European war Mr. Roosevelt threw his sympathies whole-heartedly into the scale with the Allies.

BEJEWELLED PRINCESSES BEGGING.

Most valuable work in relieving the hunger and sufferings of all nationalities in Vienna done by the British Military Mission deserves wide recognition.

Princesses, in jewels and costly furs, come to the depot begging the "Tommies" to sell them food.

THE AMAZING PROGRESS OF PELMANISM

SENSATIONAL EVIDENCE FROM BUSINESS MEN.

"RESULTS ARE WONDERFUL."

INCOMES LARGELY INCREASED AND RAPID PROMOTION SECURED.

"Pelmanism is to-day a household word. The 'little grey books' are being carried all over the world, wherever the English language is spoken."

In these words "Truth" notes the amazing progress which Pelmanism has made. It is a movement which is advancing with giant strides, to the conquest of the business world: a movement fraught with enormous possibilities for every man and woman in the British Empire.

That this is no mere figure of speech is abundantly proven by the many thousands of letters in which the writers give voluntary testimony to the solid and direct advantages secured by the adoption of Pelmanism.

Incomes doubled and trebled—quick promotion secured—valuable positions gained—businesses increased—time and work saved—efficiency increased—life in all its aspects widened and intensified—every interest and object of existence furthered—men and women of every age and every class helped and benefited: small wonder that Pelmanism has become the topic of the day.

Some of the evidence borders on the sensational: as, for example, that of a professional man, who says that Pelmanism, to him, has meant a *six-fold* increase of income. Such a case is, of course, exceptional, but there are many Pelmanists who report 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and 300 per cent. increases as a *direct* and recognisable result of Pelmanism.

In the face of such striking results—coupled with the warm praise bestowed upon Pelmanism by the most prominent men and women of the day—it behoves everyone to investigate the facts in order that he may decide what Pelmanism is likely to effect in his case. The most competent and independent judges have stated their firm conviction that there is nobody who could not benefit by the adoption of this simple and interesting system; but each should judge for himself.

For this purpose application should be at once made for the literature, which may be obtained, *gratis and post free*, by writing to the address given below.

WHAT PELMANISM DOES.

REMARKABLE LETTERS.

The claims made by the PELMAN Institute are admittedly very comprehensive; but here is their justification in the evidence of those who are best fitted to speak as to the practical worth of PELMAN training. Evidence such as this forthcoming is more convincing than argument or eloquence.

It is hardly possible that any man or woman should read through these letters without finding precise evidence upon a point of personal interest, whatever that personal interest may be; thereby enabling him or her to appreciate the value of PELMANISM as an investment for his or her particular purpose.

The PELMAN Course is not limited to the training of any one faculty of the mind; its benefits are confined to no particular class. Each and every class improved and made more efficient; every class is benefited.

"Mental Efficiency" is something more than a phrase; it is the key to every other efficiency. Good judgment, business foresight, organising ability; the artistic sense and deft touch of the artist or musician; the specialised knowledge of the expert; the logical skill and debating power of the lawyer; the descriptive ability of the journalist; and all the acquirements of the clergyman or politician; the experience and discernment of the salesman; the reliability of the clerk; the skill of the craftsman; the prompt decision and even the courage of the soldier, the tactical genius of the General; the conversational charm of the Society leader—each and all is the fruit of mental efficiency. It is the one road to Success.

THESE IS NO OTHER ROAD. That fact must be learned before progress in any direction can be achieved. To attempt to explain success by "luck," "natural gifts," "opportunity," or "favour" is to confess inability or unwillingness to recognise facts. Success must in every case be earned by mental efficiency, and mental efficiency must be gained by Training.

AGE NO OBSTACLE.

Neither age nor sex opposes a barrier to those who desire to increase or restore their mental powers. There are successful PELMAN students of sixty and even seventy years of age; and the alacrity with which women have seized upon the training as a ladder to success in every sphere speaks for itself, dispelling for ever the superstition that a woman's brain was inherently inferior to that of man. Training obliterates woman's handicap.

Here then, are the "secrets" of success laid bare for all to profit by. When personal aims are at stake, prejudice should be swept aside; doubt should be satisfied by facts; and an unbiased decision arrived at by the light of the evidence herein presented—evidence which we repeat, could be multiplied a hundredfold in any direction.

Through every letter there breathes a spirit of Confidence—confidence in self, in PELMANISM, and in the future—which alone speaks volumes as to the merited invigoration resulting from this system, which has, during twenty years, answered every test of practical life amongst all classes in every part of the civilised world.

SALARIES DOUBLED IN 3 MONTHS

From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the

pen can express one title the value the Course really is. What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through 2 lessons when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superfluous.

IS YOUR VOCATION IN THIS LIST?

Some of the professions, trades and occupations in which Pelmanists are engaged, showing that members of practically every known calling are adopting Pelmanism.

Accountants	Linotype Operators
Actors	Lithographers
Actuaries	Local Government Officials
Admirals	Machinists
Advertising Specialists	Magistrates
Agents	Managers
Airmen	Managing Directors
Analysts	Manufacturers
Archbishops	Mag. Compilers
Architects	M.A.C.
Army Officers	Mechanics
Artificers	Medical Officers
Artists	Medical Students
Assayers	M.P.s.
Auctioneers	Mercantile Officers
Auditors	MERCHANTS
Authors	Messengers
Aviators	Mechanists
B.Sc.s.	Mill Workers
Bacteriologists	Mine Inspectors
Bankers	Miners
Bank Clerks	Mining Engineers
Barristers	Missionaries
Bookkeepers	Mission Workers
Booksellers	Motor Mechanics
Boot Manufacturers	Municipal Officers
Brewers	Musical Composers
Builders	Musicians
Buyers	Musical Teachers
Cabinet Makers	Naval Architects
Cable Operators	Naval Officers
Canvassers	Newspaper Directors
Carpenters	Novelists
Cashiers	Nurses
Caterers	Opticians
Chaplains	Organisers
Chaufeurs	Orchids
Chemists	Oufitiers
Civil Engineers	Pattern Makers
Civil Servants	Pawnbrokers
Clergymen	Paymasters
Clerks	Peers and Peereses
Coal Merchants	Photographers
Colliery Officials	Phrenologists
Colonels	Piano Makers
Commercial Travellers	Piano Tuners
Companions	Pilots
Compositors	Plaistrights
Conductors	Plumbers
Consults	Policemen
Cotton Brokers	Politicians
Customs Officials	Porters
Dairymen	Postmasters
Decorators	Postmen
Dentists	Printers
Diplomats	Publishers
Directors	Quartermasters
Directors of Education	Quantity Surveyors
Dividers	Railwaymen
Doctors	Rate Collectors
Drapers	Referees
Draughtsmen	Registrars
Dressmakers	Reporters
Druuggists	Royalty
Editors	Sales Managers
Educationists	Salesmen
Electricians	Schoolmistresses
Elocutionists	Science Masters
Engineering Drivers	Scientists
Engine Fitters	Sculptors
Engineers	Secretaries
Engravers	Shipping Agents
Estate Agents	Shipwrights
Estimators	Shop Assistants
Farmers	Signallers
Financiers	Signwriters
Fishery Officers	Tailors
Fish Merchants	Teachers
Parish	Telegraphists
Gardeners	Telephonists
Generals	Inspectors
Governesses	Insurance Agents
Government Surveyors	Inventors
Grocers	Ironmongers
Guards	Job Masters
Headmasters	Journalists
Hosiers	Labourers
Hospital Assistants	Labour Exchange
Hotel Proprietors	Officials
House Agents	Ladies' Maids
Housekeepers	Laundry Proprietors
Instructors	Law Students
Inspectors	Lawyers
Insurance Agents	Lecturers
Inventors	Librarians
Ironmongers	Licensed Victuallers
Job Masters	Linen Manufacturers
Journalists	Linens
Labourers	Labour Exchange
Labour Exchange	Officials
Officials	Ladies' Maids
Ladies' Maids	Laundry Proprietors
Laundry Proprietors	Law Students
Law Students	Lawyers
Lawyers	Lecturers
Lecturers	Librarians
Librarians	Licensed Victuallers
Linen Manufacturers	Linen Manufacturers

Over 100,000 men and women adopted Pelmanism in the first 11 months of the year 1918. Enrolments increase every month.

WORTH A HUNDRED TIMES THE PRICE.

Many business men have remarked that the Course to them would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost in short is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalment if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant:

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent. financial increase."

RESULTS ARE WONDERFUL."

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:—

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder before taking up the Pelman Course if there was any possible exaggeration, but honestly no

THE BUSINESS VALUE OF A PELMAN TRAINING.

There is one remark made with surprising frequency by students of the Pelman course: "I wish I had known of this 10 years ago." It emphasises very strikingly the fact that the majority of men and women have never conception of the intensely practical value of the training until they have begun the study. But from the very first lesson their eyes are opened and they realise with increasing plainness that this interesting but simple system affords a really practical solution of the problem "how to get on." The benefits derived from a Pelman Training are, indeed, nothing short of surprising to those who take it up, and these include men and women engaged in every possible profession, business, and trade.

ALL ROUND DEVELOPMENT.

Your business may demand the exercise of one or of several faculties. You may have need of a particularly good Memory, or, possibly, keen powers of Observation and Perception. Equally, you may be in a position where Reasoning Power, Concentration, Sound Judgment, Self-confidence, Initiative, or Organising Ability are all important. The point is that no matter what mental faculty you possess, dependence on a PELMAN Training will help you to develop and perfect it.

This statement is made with the full consciousness that you, taking a PELMAN Training, will expect the Course to "make good." The Directors of the PELMAN Institute are fully prepared for this, and have absolute confidence in the fact that before you have completed the Course you will freely admit that the claims made for the PELMAN System are exaggerated.

Consider for a moment what "success" and "failure" represent. Analyse them. Compare the mentality of Smith and Jones.

Smith is a clerk, and likely to remain a clerk. Jones is head of a department, and bids fair to reach the topmost rung of the ladder. Both started with apparently equal chances. Why has Smith failed while Jones succeeded? In ten cases out of twelve, the reason is that Smith is not industrious—forgetful, inattentive, undecided, lacks initiative and judgment—a man who can be depended upon to do routine work, but who is quite unfitted for a position of responsibility.

Jones, on the other hand, probably does not work so hard as Smith—but there is *quality* in his work. At every turn he displays those signs which simple man and simple employer of his employer, Jones' memory is good; he is quick to observe and to comprehend; he does not hesitate to act without orders in an emergency; he is resourceful, has ideas, and is not afraid to bring them forward. His attitude is one of alertness and self-reliance, and he does not have to ask for advancement; his qualities make progress both rapid and certain. The fact is that Jones is too valuable to be passed over. Every employer wants the best brains he can get, and is only too glad to attract and keep them by paying good salaries. That rule is inviolable. And the PELMAN-trained brain manifests its efficiency so plainly in action, speech and personality that, whether the employer is aware of the training or not, he recognises the results and appreciates it.

The details of the Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at reduced fee may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of "The Daily Mirror" who applies (by postcard or by the coupon below) to the Pelman Institute, 44, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. I.

To THE PELMAN INSTITUTE,
44, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street,
London, W.C. I.

Sir.—Please send me gratis and post free, a copy of the book "Mind and Memory," a copy of "Truth's" latest report, and particulars of the Special Offer entitling me to take the Pelman Course at a reduced fee.

NAME ...
ADDRESS ...

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1919.

TILL PEACE COMES . . .

A WORD TO THE SOLDIER.

WHEN we spoke of demobilisation last Friday we made perfectly clear our conviction that the Allies will need a very big army on the Continent; not only until the peace is settled and signed, but also until the whole of Europe is restored to order and stability.

While murmurs of revolt come still from Russia and Germany; while smaller nations are eagerly waiting for signs of anarchy in order to improve their "claims"; and while the whole food-or-famine question haunts the minds of the world's statesmen, we cannot afford to diminish our Continental power by a fraction. We must keep hold of the situation. This we can only do through the big armies that must stand behind our delegates at the Peace Conference.

Never have we suggested here that these primary forces can yet be demobilised to any great extent. Had we done so, we are sure that the British soldier would have been the first to warn us of error.

He has shown, and his people at home have shown during the recent election, that he and they demand justice from Germany: terms that shall make it plain to her, first, that war "doesn't pay"; and, next, terms that shall prevent her from renewing the old war competition.

He is not so inconsequent as to demand also, thereupon, that he should walk off home, as though his task were done, and leave the great enemies, anarchy, famine, confusion, greed, to plunge Europe once more into misery. He has promised to "see it through."

He never fails in his promise. He will stick to it till peace is signed, and, if need be, longer. This we are sure the fighting man understands.

For how absurd it would be if, after four and a half years of heroic endurance of nearly unendurable misery, he were now to rebel against inconvenience, delay, and minor annoyance, quite endurable, so long as we remember that the great good of a just peace stands waiting at the end of them!

If "Tommy" feels that his further patience is needed he will give it. He will remember the good things already given of which the first is this: that, instead of having to submit to the agony of the trenches for perhaps two, three or four years more, he knows that the end is at hand, and, meanwhile, has lighter and pleasanter tasks and healthier conditions under which he lives in France.

Thinking all this over, "Tommy" will regard himself as the sentinel of recovered Europe and avoid weakening by an atom our statesmen's great task in argument with the enemy.

We are sure discontent in the Army is based on no general failure to realise what is so plain. It is only against avoidable inconvenience and needless muddle that hardened soldiers rebel.

It is for the War Office to see, henceforward, that men have no case for failing in a duty they have performed so simply, so nobly, and for so long. W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

IN S.—Land that has recently been broken up should now have a dressing of quick-lime. This application will also do much good to soil that has been heavily manured for a long time. Chalk, well powdered up, may be used instead of lime; this should be worked into stiff ground. Gas-lime will kill all garden pests, but, as it is very strong, the soil must then be left vacant for three months.

Continue digging over the kitchen garden plots whenever the weather is favourable for the work. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set, to draw bold breath over ploughshares or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray, these are the things that make men happy.—Huskings.

HOW "THE FASHIONS" REVIVE IN FRANCE.

FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT INDUSTRY OF PARIS.

By MODISTE.

PARIS, RUE DE LA PAIX, Jour de l'An. OUR great Ally has marvellous recuperative power. And ere the last gun was fired in the Great War France instinctively turned to woman's dress, well knowing the enormous value of chiffons in veiling her national wounds.

No sooner had her airmen located and silenced the Big Berthas of daily bombardment than Paris set to work to reassert her universal supremacy as the seat and centre of the Modes, with "nerves" radiating over to Calais for machine-made laces, to St. Eiffel for ribbons, and down to Lyons for silks and brocades of all grades, unapproached in quality and variety.

The midinettes soon forsook the munition

from Paris, the tulle and gauze and crêpe from Lyons, the black lace from Calais, the lining from Picardy and the ribbons from St. Etienne. In the last-named town 75,000 people made ribbons of endless range. There were 200 master manufacturers, many of them with several large factories.

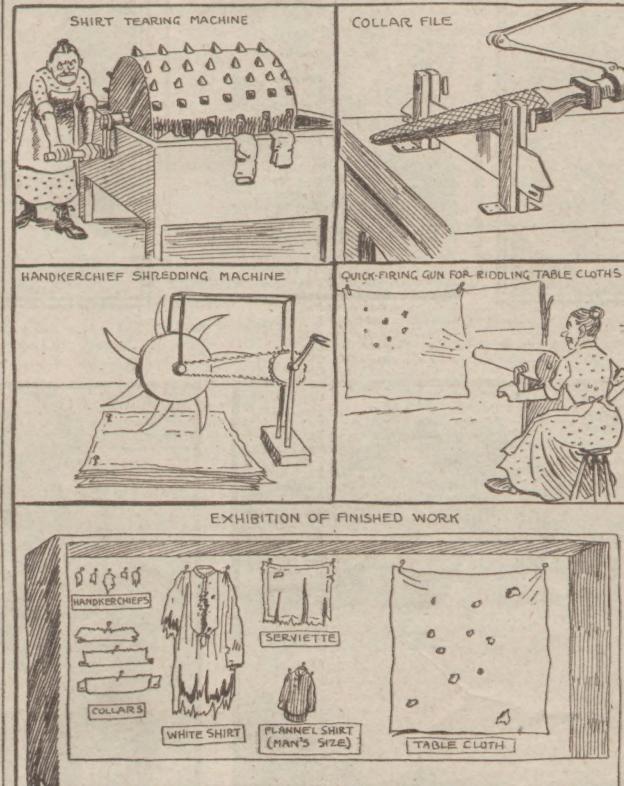
The ribbon trade of this town was worth nearly £3,500,000 a year, and from this one may judge what fashion means to France.

WEALTH AND SIMPLICITY.

All materials for woman's wear meet in the manufactory, or stockrooms, of the great Paris dressmakers—the grands couturiers, to whose splendid galleries expert buyers came thrice a year for models, and that from cities so far apart as London and Vienna, New York and Buenos Ayres. For if "Worth made the man" in the poet Pope's day, assuredly Worth has made the woman ever since the Second Empire.

The gowns that Jean Worth created for Mrs. J. J. Astor before the war have probably never been equalled for wealth and simplicity—that rarest and most arrestive combination

MACHINERY FOR THE MODERN LAUNDRY.



On page seven to-day our cartoonist voices the common complaint of thousands of men now suffering from our "perfect" laundries. Here he illustrates the point.

(By W. K. Haselden)

shops for the workrooms and cagibées of the Opéra Quarter. And all France responded to the lead.

Before the war silk culture was carried on in twenty-eight departments, especially in the Gard, Drôme, Ardèche and Vaucluse. The silk "army" mustered 150,000 persons; the product of the cocoons was over 18,000,000lb., and 300 huge factories unwound the stuff on 12,000 spools.

Another phase was the carding and combing; one of these establishments had 300 ingenious machines. And five million spindles wove the shining filaments into fabrics of fancy name and great price.

The famous Félix (in whose atelier the beauties of Balzac and de Musset found gorgeous robes) once assured me that a woman's hat alone brought £5,000,000 a year to the City of Light. In the Opéra Quarter were 800 wholesale houses who dealt in nothing else but exquisite flowers of silk and velvet. An artist like Jan van Beek would design a hat that fetched 1,000 francs (£40); and this was a sort of synthesis of modish France.

The American dressmakers' clubs, aided by patriotic ladies like Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, made heroic efforts during the war to convince their clients that American genius at least equalled the French in designing hats and frocks, fal-lals and fantasias. But the far-off and foreign allure us all.

Therefore Paris comes into her own again with effortless ease.

CHURCH AND "TOMMY."

SHOULD THE SERVICES BE MADE TO SUIT THE PEOPLE?

CERTAINLY NOT!

IS not the reason for all this discussion that people expect to get consolation from religion into which they have put nothing?

And has not the "great and glorious Reformation" had a great deal to do with the fact that millions of English people have lost the idea of worship?

What they call "worship" consists largely in hearing Mr. So-and-So, and if they don't like him they either cease to go anywhere or write to the papers!

A tourist I heard of travelling in Switzerland asked the driver what sort of priest they had in the village, and he said: "Oh! we hate him."

"But," he said, "I noticed the church was crooked," and the reply was: "That has nothing to do with it—it's the people."

How is it never read of Roman Catholics complaining? A man may have lived away in the bush for years, and on coming home goes to his church and hears Mass thankfully, and does not immediately write to the papers complaining.

To me it is positively sickening to read the suggestions of how the services of the Church are to be turned upside down to suit the "boys" when they come home. H. W. BRIGHT.

THE ANGLICAN "VIA MEDIA."

YOUR correspondent "Ladieean" says that the Anglican Church as a "middle way" can only hold the tepid.

The Great Powers have adopted the principle of the "middle way" in their theory of the possibility of constitutional government, or ordered freedom.

William Law pointed out that constitutional government cannot be a great and excellent thing, as political life is bound utterly absurd in religion. We can no longer submit to kaisers, nor can we be anarchists.

The genius of the great British Empire for constitutional government, or a middle way between despotism and anarchy, finds its glorious reflection in Anglicanism, or the Church of the middle way.

A coalition already exists in Anglicanism—the drawing together of the various elements of all parties on the basis of the revised Prayer Book as against our religious Bolsheviks.

FRANCIS A. N. PARKER.

Waddington Vicarage, Clitheroe.

BROTHERHOOD.

I WOULD like to suggest something that would help those that cannot get comfort or help through going to church.

I feel sure that as they entered God's house with a healthy feel of gratitude to their Creator for this wonderful ending of the war and a prayer in their hearts of sympathy for those that have lost their loved ones, they would catch some of the spirit of true Christianity, which is not always found in considering one's own feelings first.

It's a universal spirit of brotherhood that is required in the Church.

The financial position would be strengthened as a natural result. A. J. PHILPOT.

Northwood, Isle of Wight.

THE OLD TESTAMENT LESSONS.

THE writer of the letter "Where to Begin" is sadly mistaken if he really thinks the Church Service will be improved by leaving out the First Lesson from the Old Testament.

I can assure him that it is not listened to with the idea of picking up "bits of history," but for an echo of the "Voice of God" to many a perplexed soul.

For instance, the words, "Stand ye still and see the salvation of the Lord which He will show you this day," Ex. xiv. 13, also II. Chron. xx. 17, and hundreds of other beautiful passages which convey just the message our spirits are craving, it would be a shame to withhold, and their omission could not draw the people nearer to the Church.

D. E. AMBRIDGE.

WILL TIPS BE ABOLISHED?

YOUR correspondent, Mrs. Rosalie Neish, in her second letter says "tips are a little civility for civility and need not be looked on as charity."

My impression is that tips are in the majority of cases unwillingly given and certainly are degrading to the receiver.

On the one hand, you have the public servants clinging to the dignity of their labour and their right to a clean uniform and constant sickness pay and usually getting a wage which should enable them to perform their duty to the public to the best of their ability without ulterior motive.

On the other hand, you have them exerting an indirect pressure for tips by the various well-known methods.

It takes thick skin to resist what it is difficult to describe otherwise than their undignified methods.

I have often noticed of late that it is women when alone who have most difficulty in getting porters at railway stations and seats at restaurants, the reason being that they are known as a class to be less able to afford high tips, or to have more moral courage than men to resist the extortion.

A. J. COKE.

"THE OLD NANNY."

I SHOULD much like to thank Mrs. Martin, for her most touching description of "Old Nanny and Her Books," which I sincerely hope many have read.

It was a delight to have a reminder of those days, and to think someone still thinks of them.

This article should help and refreshen present-day mothers.

M. B. H.

NEW ENTRIES IN 'DAILY MIRROR' BEAUTY COMPETITION: REMEMBER CLOSING DAY, JAN. 15.



Motor-driver of the Women's Legion, serving in London.



Doing good work for the wounded at Eastbourne.



A motor-driver who has done good work with an ambulance unit.



Working at the Board of Trade with Pool Board.



A worker in the danger building area at Woolwich Arsenal.



Engaged on canteen work at Washington Hut, London.



Serving since 1914 with V.A.D. and at Woolwich.



Two and a half years on war work in Lancashire.



Four years on telephone duty in a Government office.



ALEPPO REJOICES.—A sword dance was an item in the celebration of delivery of Aleppo from Turks.



A SHETLAND WEDDING.—Lieutenant-Commander P. S. R. Conron, R.N., married to Miss Corisande Margaret (Pearl) Sandison at Lerwick.



THERE ARE NO ROADS.—Army cars on the station at Aleppo ready for quick transport to "the spot."



WANDSWORTH HONOURS ITS HEROES.—Sir Archibald Dawnay, Mayor of Wandsworth, presents Military Medals to Staff-Sergeant Comber and Lance-Sergeant Avern on the steps of Wandsworth Baths.

THE PUBLIC HOUSE IN RECONSTRUCTION.

WHY NOT A PLEASANT PLACE OF REFRESHMENT?

By JAMES CLIFFORD.

A survey of the need of "liquor reform" and the difficulties in the way of its achievement during the next few years.

ONE of the problems of peace which remains yet to be solved is the future of the public-house.

Between two factions of well-meaning enthusiasts, one of which would shut the tavern permanently, the other which would reopen it on its bad old pre-war lines, the public-house, the inn, the hotel, call it what you will, is in danger of becoming what the past few decades of legislation have largely helped to make it, but what it never should be permitted to be—a men's drinking-shop, a place existing solely for the swift consumption of alcoholic liquor.

The detrimental comparison of the British public-house with the Continental café is an old one.

To turn our "hotels" into cafés is one of the first suggestions of the casual reformer.

I think it is impracticable.

Weather in a smaller degree and national custom in a larger degree are against it.

It would take years of training to make the average Briton who wanted a drink—even of coffee—sit at ease at a table in Piccadilly or a provincial High-street and enjoy his refreshment under the gaze of the passer-by. It would take more years of training to prevent the British small boy from regarding such a sight with something more than silent interest.

THE LEGAL ASPECT.

But something in the nature of the indoor café such as we know so well in the cities of northern France and Belgium or the Bierhalle of Germany is practicable and desirable.

The crowded and uncomfortable bar at which in this country we are nearly always compelled to take our casual refreshment should be abolished, and the system of serving drinks at comfortable tables introduced. If this reform alone could be brought about much in the way of so-called "drink reform" would be achieved.

But many more difficult problems must be solved before this end can be attained.

The publican is not altogether to blame for the present bad system of things. He has for years been treated as an undesirable but necessary evil instead of a desirable necessity.

His is the responsibility and his should be the gain not only in financial profit, but in the esteem of his fellow-men, if he carry on his difficult and intricate business in a decent manner.

Whatever laws may be made in future to govern the public-house, the first should be to ensure that only pure drink be sold, and that the landlord, the licensee upon whom the legal responsibility of running the house falls, should be free to buy his stock whenever he will. The "tied house" is a curse, and until the publican is free to choose his own market the goods he will sell instead of being merely an under-salaried salesman employed to sell one firm's goods only, on commission, the public-house will remain the mere drink-shop that it is to-day.

We need an honest and healthy competition in inns; instead of fewer licences we need more, provided that in each case the licensee be the proprietor. Then we should have the revival of the real inn, and publicans for their livelihood's sake would be led to making their premises the more and more attractive.

"THE CAFE ATMOSPHERE."

We can find an approach to this condition of things nowadays only in the best London hotels and in good country inns. What we call "the lounge" of a hotel is the most satisfactory and most healthy drinking-place that we can produce. And of these perhaps "the lounge" and the smoke-room, or glorified bar-parlour, of the real country inn is the best example.

Some of our country inns cannot be beaten. These houses, owned by their landlords, are run as decently as any home could be. They are, in fact, their landlords' homes, in the management of which the wife and daughters of the "publican" lend a hand.

Such country innkeepers are proud of their cellars and their fare and jealous of their reputations. The drink they sell is pure and well-chosen, and no customer who cannot behave himself is permitted to remain. The innkeepers are men of standing in their own neighbourhood, men held, quite rightly, in high esteem by their fellows.

Such should be the case with every license holder. And this applies as much to the keeper of the working-man's tavern as to the manager of the hotel de luxe.

If we cannot have the café in this country let us have the café atmosphere, and see to it that no public-house in which any man, woman, or child could receive offence be permitted to exist.

The ideal of the tavern should be to attract to it the best of our people, not to repel them.

JAMES CLIFFORD.

PERFECT LAUNDRIES.

OUR CARTOONIST VENTURES A FEW HUMBLE SUGGESTIONS.

By W. K. HASELDEN.

WHAT an absurd question!" I hear you say. "Is anything ever perfect, except the tense of a verb? Do you know anyone who is perfect? Are you perfect?"

Well laundries consider themselves perfect. From a long association with crime—the crime of criticising or laughing at people's foibles and imperfections by means of cartoons—I have found that to touch upon the devastating qualities of laundries is a sure way of bringing forth strong denials of guilt from them, varying in form from blunt abuse to sharp satire.

So persistent seems to be this firm belief in their own immaculate qualities that I begin to wonder whether my experience is singular or whether I take a totally wrong view of the scope of laundries' activities.

Those hemstitched handkerchiefs, for example, that come home minus most of the stitches that join the hem to the main body of the kerchief—one may be wrong in thinking this an undesirable state for them to be brought to by the launderer's hands.

ought one to smile approvingly at the realisation of the vigour that must have been exercised in tearing the buttonhole of the neck-band so that it is no longer a hole but a slash of inlet, and is one absolutely lost to all sense of reason in supposing that a collar should survive one washing?

I will say nothing of the pyjamas that go to

THE DEMURE GIRL.

IS SHE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE "FLAPPER"?

By ALFRED BARNARD.

WHEN I first met her she was adjusting the sparking plug of a motor-car, her head and shoulders being partly hidden in the bonnet.

She was pretty.

All the girls who wear Army uniform and drive motor-cars are pretty. That is why we call them "beautiful drivers," as apart from the fact that they can drive.

"Can I be of any assistance?" I asked.

She straightened herself and looked a picture, her hat just saucily tilted, her gloved hands resting on her hips and her arms akimbo. Yet within there was a sober, staid, modest and grave bearing about her that was sufficiently attractive to make one instantly wonder what she would be like out of working hours, since she was so demure in.

She accepted my proffered service, and in a very few minutes we had the "Tin Lizzie" rattling away.

"Thank you very much," she said, fastening down the bonnet and taking the driver's seat with an easy grace. She bestowed upon me a slight bow as she drove away.

She did not appear conscious of her beauty. Could it be possible that she even knew what a mild flirtation was like—or even what it was?

Ignoble thought—away!

With which reflection I raised my hat, bowed low in the direction of the number-plate on the back of the car and resumed my way.

What a wonderful thing this war is. I

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE READ AFTER THE WAR?

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES.

The author of "The Chink in the Armour," "Good Old Anna" and other successful novels gives her survey of the literary prospect.

IT is not only children who love to play at the game of Make Believe. More than one novelist I know smiles grimly when he remembers that for the first eighteen months of war publishers were refusing all novels which touched on the subject then filling every mind.

One famous firm went so far as to compel those authors with whom it was arranging contracts to sign an undertaking that they would not bring the war into their stories.

By a strange freak of fortune that same firm brought out in due course the most celebrated of all the war novels written since 1914. Had the author of that now world-famous novel not been in the front rank of writers, his story, as a matter of course, would have been "turned down" by the very people who not only made a fortune for themselves, but doubtless a fortune for him as well out of his book.

Publishers are again saying that they want nothing about the war in those novels which are now being written with a view to next autumn or to 1920 publication. Are they right or wrong? It would be a truism to say that time alone will show, and so will venture on a little prophecy . . .

NOTHING ABOUT THE WAR?

I think that in those novels which are destined to wide popularity because they make a strong appeal to natural, healthy sentiment, or to an equally natural and healthy sex interest, we may be sure that for a long time to come the author will always make his "strong man" one who performed some special deed of valour in the Great War.

A great problem will confront henceforth the creator of female characters. Every girl over eighteen, and innumerable under that age, have been engaged for four long years in some form of war work. That work cannot but have profoundly modified every girl's outlook on life.

The novelist who determines to regard this fact as of no account, and to pretend, even if only to himself, that there has not been a war, is, I venture to say, doomed to failure. When reading a story written under such conditions, the reader will say: "I don't know what is the matter with this novel, but somehow the people in it don't seem real," and the failure of a story of which this is said is certain.

I now propose to touch on what some people may think a delicate point. Before the war much justifiable bitterness was roused in the minds of serious novelists by a determined and successful attempt on the part of circulating libraries to establish a subject and matter censorship.

One may say without fear of contradiction that so strict was this censorship that few of the great works of imaginative literature written in France, England and Russia in the last 150 years would have had a chance of being read by the British public had they been published in the three or four years which immediately preceded the war.

Now it is a very curious fact that during the war this library censorship suddenly and completely broke down.

SERIALS IN EVERY NEWSPAPER.

If any other proof were needed one has only to point, retrospectively, to the thousands of copies of "The Pretty Lady" which were purchased by the circulating libraries in the kingdom. All sincere and serious-minded novelists have always argued that an indecent book can, and should be, dealt with by the police, but that such fine studies of human nature as those of Mr. Bennett should be left to the judgment of the reader. For some mysterious reason, what the united efforts of all writers and critics entirely failed to do the monstrous accident of war has done. This fact will certainly influence the after-war novelist.

With regard to one thing which may prove of pre-eminent interest to novelists, I think the British will now follow the French example. I confidently look forward to the time when every newspaper, even *The Times*, will publish a daily serial, as *The Daily Mirror* does now.

Time was when the inhabitants of little country towns used to gather round their posting inn in order to get the latest "number," or, as we should now say, "part," of a popular romance; and it only needs another Scott or Dickens—to give the two extremes of British imaginative genius—to bring about such a delightful state of things again. But next time the new part of an eagerly awaited romance will be dropped by aeroplane, not laboriously extracted from the rumble of what our forbears called "the stage."

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES.

A DUBLIN DEMONSTRATION.



Demonstrations were held all over Ireland to demand the release of Sinn Féin prisoners. A procession in Sackville-street.

the wash mauve and return grey, or of the shirts that started life with blue stripes which have become pale khaki. Perhaps the laundryman did not approve of his customers' colour taste in the first instance. Perhaps he thought khaki a more fashionable colour in the second.

But what of the warranted unshrinkable garments that, from being "gent's large size," became "child's small fitting"? Or of the—but no, why enlarge upon a painful subject? The question is, have not many readers of this article had these experiences?

Whom the gods wish to destroy they first send mad, but in many cases there would seem to be a reversal of policy—whom the gods wish to send mad they first cause to be destroyed—his linen!

Always wish I had kept a page of sarcasm which was hurled at me in a magazine, which I think was called "The Laundry Gazette."

I had made some sketches, showing the state of various garments after going through the ordeal by laundry, and the "Gazette," after many little pleasantries, suggesting, amongst other things, that I was probably a pavement artist, who had never worn a shirt, and was, therefore, unqualified to give any opinion on one, ended by this truly crushing reproof:

"The artist (?) shows his ignorance of the usages of genteel society by depicting an evening tie as having been washed. Now everyone knows that no gentleman would have an evening tie that had to be tied, he would always get one ready made up."

Well, of course, one lives and learns, that a made-up tie was not looked upon with favour by the nobility and gentry of this country!

W. K. HASELDEN.

dithered. How it has brought the woman out. Wonderful women. How pretty she was. Not the least idea that she has impressed me! So unlike the ordinary flapper!

From the e-jumbled thoughts my general view of the young lady will be understood.

Now before the war if one ever noticed a girl cleaning a brass plate she was either very untidy or dressed in the conventional print frock—pink if that colour suited her least of all and pleased her mistress—her hair would be untidy and her cap awry.

Now observe a window cleaner—how perfectly charming she looks mounted on a ladder, gracefully polishing the glass!

The war girl has learned that uniform suits her. She has learned that it is admired in it. If she pretends not to know that she is admired the admiration will continue.

She likes being admired.

But one day, when the right admirer comes along, she will admire him from beneath those demure lashes, and, before he knows where he is and whilst perhaps having entirely other plans for his own future, she will grab him and lead him to the altar a victim of that modern dangerous type, the demure girl produced by the war.

Let us make no mistake about it. This demure girl is a "public danger"—owing to her very demureness.

And man must take care. Man must beware!

For, when all these girls leave their uniforms behind them, they will go into a kind of irregular uniform—they will wear caps and aprons, bows, ornaments and nicknacks that will enable them to retain their ascendancy over man, secured by a demureness as attractive as dangerous.

ALFRED BARNARD.

NOTABILITIES—



Lady Wolseley, who has handed over her house and land at Glynde for the women gardeners' college, founded there in 1901-2.



Captain Sir F. Fitz-Wigram, of the Scots Guards, who has arrived in England after imprisonment in Germany.



PEER'S WEDDING.—Earl Cathcart, married to Mrs. de Grey Warter at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, London.—(Daily Mirror.)

A POIGNANT MEMORY FOR THE GERMANS—



Prince Bismarck at Versailles after Franco-Prussian War dictating to M. Thiers the terms of submission. The German representatives will now learn what it means when the boot is on the other leg.



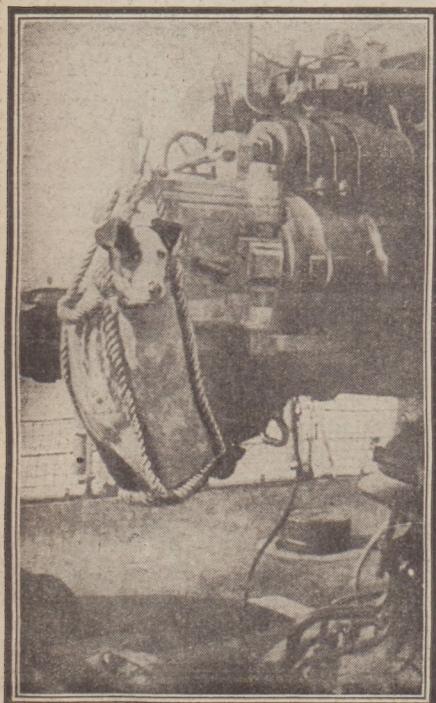
D.S.O.—Major Douglas Brooke Charles Sladen, R.G.A., who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

A PROUD WIFE.—Lady Milne, whose husband, General Sir G. Milne, has been awarded K.C.M.G. for services at Salonika.

RECORD' RESE



Miss Beatrice Capper has been married to Lord Michelham, and her husband has given £1,000,000 for her father-in-law's wedding present. See story on page 11.



ON GUARD.—Pet of a British battleship on sentry duty in a shell basket beside one of the guns.



FUR WRAP-COATEE.—A fur wrap in which the skins are so treated that the "run" of the fur produces a novel and decorative effect.



HUN PIRATES' FINAL EXPLOIT.—Passengers taking refuge on rafts from the sinking 'Australien', of the Messageries Maritimes. Its torpedoing was the last crime committed by the Hun pirates.



SNOW PLOUGH IN YORKSHIRE.—After the blizzard near Harrogate, Yorkshire. A snow plough at work clearing some sort of way for necessary traffic through the twelve-inch depth of snow that covered the country. Wood for fuel is used extensively in the district, but the work of the cutters has been much impeded.

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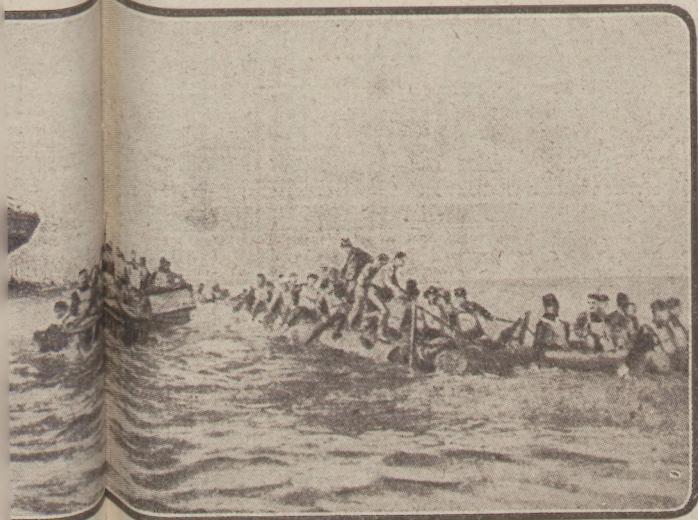
CORD PRESENT

—WHO NOW ARE UNDER INSTEAD OF ON TOP —IN NEWS TO-DAY.

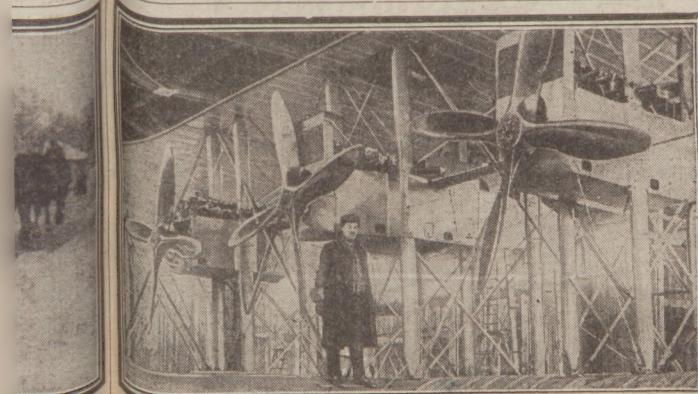


Napoleon III. and Prince Bismarck conferring after the crushing defeat of the French by German armies in 1870. Bismarck never dreamed the tables would be so turned as they have been in conflict just concluded.

Beatrice Capo has been married to Michelham, heir, the Hon. Stern. She has a fortune of £1,000,000 as a present from her father-in-law. See story on next page.



in the sinking of the crime committing pirates in the Mediterranean before the armistice terms compelled their surrender. They maintained their evil reputation until the end.



YORKSHIRE WAS CARRIED FIFTY MEN.—This huge flying boat was originally built in America for service as a submarine chaser. Its speed is eighty miles an hour and it can maintain a height of 2,000ft. in ten minutes. The three mighty engines of the Curtiss flying boat with their propellers.



Sir Courtney Ilbert, clerk to the House of Commons, who will have the duty of swearing in newly-elected members of Parliament.



Mrs. Bowes-Wilson, whose marriage to Major W. F. Maxwell, D.S.O., R.E., will, it is announced, shortly take place.



NATIONAL HEALTH.—Miss Olive Nethersole, who is organising an ambitious People's League of Health movement.



K.C.M.G.—Major-General Sir Gerald Moore Heath, C.B., D.S.O., who has just been gazetted to be K.C.M.G.



ON HYMEN'S SERVICE.—Two of the pages and a little-bridesmaid who were in attendance at the wedding of Mrs. de Grey Warter to Earl Cathcart.—(Daily Mirror.)



A "COMFY" COAT.—Full length coat in grey velour ornamented by silk stitching in a darker tone on the pockets. The sleeves are notable.



ARCHBISHOP HANGED.—The German Archbishop of Munich, who, it is reported, has been hanged by means of one of the cathedral bell-ropes, by orders of revolutionary tribunal.

NATIONAL PLAN TO BENEFIT THE GROWTH & CONDITION OF THE HAIR.

National Service Workers, Land Girls, and All Men and Women are invited to send the Coupon below TO-DAY.

1,000,000 "HARLENE" HAIR-HEALTH OUTFITS FREE.

IN view of the present prevalence of Hair defects, every man and woman who is energetically carrying on essential work at home will especially welcome the wonderful National Hair-Health Campaign inaugurated by the Inventor-Discoverer of Harlene and "Harlene Hair-Drill."

WHAT IS THE CONDITION OF YOUR HAIR?

If you are worried about the condition of your hair: if it is weak, impoverished, falling out, or affected with scurf, dryness, or over-greasiness, due to war work and war strain, do as millions of others (both men and women) have done, and try "Harlene Hair-Drill." From to-day onwards, there are to be distributed one million hair-health parcels free of all cost—each parcel to contain a Complete Outfit for the care of the hair.

Every man and woman can have this priceless wealth of beautiful hair if he or she will only devote two minutes a day to the practice of the wonderfully successful "Harlene Hair-Drill." To-day, too, you can prove the truth of this statement without fee or obligation.

SIMPLE METHOD

SECURES HAIR-HEALTH.

The whole process takes no more than two minutes a day, and is enthusiastically praised by a host of "Hair-Drill" devotees for the marvellously refreshing and rejuvenating feeling this every-morning, toilet exercise gives before facing the day's work.

A USEFUL AND WELCOME FREE GIFT.

You, as one of the nation's workers, can secure one of these hair-health parcels at once by simply posting the coupon below, together with your name and address, and four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing of the parcel.

By return you will receive this Four-Fold Gift:—

1. A trial bottle of "Harlene," the ideal liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.

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"HARLENE" MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to new vitality and new strength—you will find a new sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, and all the lost light and shade, as well as the delicate tints of the hair,



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NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Department.")

"Daily Mirror," 7/1/19.

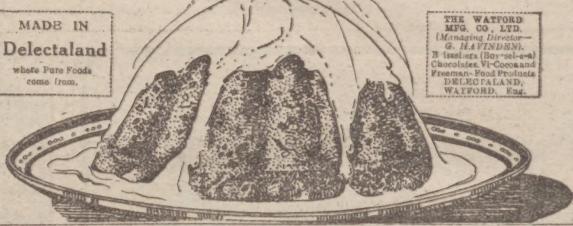


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AT ALL
BOOKSTALLS.



Countess Isabella de Lalaing, daughter of the former Belgian Minister to London.

The Countess of Westmorland, whose husband figures in the last military honours list.

HOBBIES NIGHTS.

The Premier and the "Junkers"—Giddiness at Girton College.

I AM TOLD that when Parliament meets again the old privileges of private members will be restored to them. Certain evenings in the week—the old Tuesday and Wednesday—will be given over to the fads and fancies of the back-benchers. They have gone very short during the war.

Interesting Debates.

Some most interesting debates have of late been initiated by the earnest gentlemen on the back benches. Resolutions of great pith and moment have been moved by them on occasions, and have at times led to useful legislation.

Standing Out.

The gloomy forecasts to the effect that Mr. Lloyd George will be captured by the "Junkers"—as the Tory landowners have been facetiously nicknamed—are very wide of the mark. His friends assure me that the Prime Minister is quite strong enough to resist any pressure that may be put upon him.

Prominence Peerage.

A letter from Brazil addressed to "Mrs. Lord George, London," has been delivered at 10, Downing-street. It was for the Premier's wife right enough.

Peace Proceedings.

As soon as President Wilson has finished his calls, the Inter-Allied Conference at Paris will be pressed on. As far as possible boundary problems and like matters of detail will be left till after peace has been signed embodying broad principles. It is hoped to get this over by May, at the latest.

Amending the Act.

In the coming Parliament we shall probably see amendments proposed to the Franchise Act to give voters in scattered districts the same right to vote by post as were given soldiers and sailors at the recent election. Another one will be designed to modify the "freak" candidate forfeit-of-deposit clause.

Railway Meeting.

To-day the Railway Executive and the executive of the N.U.R. meet to negotiate a national programme. It is feared Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., will not be there. He has been ordered complete rest and quiet to give his eyes a chance. He suffers from ulceration of them.

Tied Up.

Although Mr. Clynes has assured us that rationing will end with the present ration books, you will probably find yourself tied up for some time after with the same butcher. So you had better make up your minds to like him.

Ministerial Fashions.

I notice that Mr. Balfour has taken to a soft collar. Time was when such a lapse on the part of a Foreign Minister would have caused a riot; but that was before the war took the starch away from us.

Gloomy Outlook.

The position in Ireland is not too promising. And with uncertainty and uneasiness everywhere, capitalists with large financial interests in the country are showing no desire to rush the schemes they had in view.

Shopping "Scrums."

The streets of London yesterday hummed with the busy crowds of women shoppers. I could hardly make my way down Oxford-street. Determined women seemed to be buying everything in sight. "Never seen so much money," said a tired shopman.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Picturesque.

Although the royal wedding is to be quite informal, I hear from a friend at Court that it is to be exceedingly picturesque, for Princess Patricia, an artist herself, has a great eye for beauty. There is to be a long train of very pretty bridesmaids. They will be dressed after the Princess's own designs.

Women and Uniform.

I met a woman in mufti the other day. I had hitherto never seen out of uniform, and did not recognise her until she spoke. She was well dressed, but she looked quite ordinary—even commonplace. In uniform she was a distinct personality.

Honoured.

Miss Dora Black, daughter of the Director of Contracts at the Admiralty, is among the latest to be decorated with the O.B.E. She came down three years ago from Girton, where she took the Medieval and Modern Languages Tripos.

Giddy Girton.

Girton is getting quite sporting, by the way. It actually goes to military dances among the cadets at Pembroke, Emmanuel and Sidney, and is even seen at the Staff College hops in Clare. Nay, more; there was a Girtonite dance in London on New Year's Day. Newnham is quite out of it.

Repatriated.

Young Sir Frederick Fitzwylgram has now been welcomed back home, after being a captive of the Huns for many weary months. A Scots Guardsman, he went to France at the outbreak of war as an "Old Contemptible," and was twice wounded before being taken prisoner. He comes of a fighting family, his father, whom he succeeded at the age of



Miss Isa Clatze, who went to New York some time ago, may soon be seen on the London stage again.

Mrs. Ronald Schweder, whose husband is a captain, R.A.F., has been active in war work.

twenty, being a general, and many others of his kin have carried a sword.

Paderewski's Piano-Organ.

It is a curious thing about such a sensitive musician as M. Paderewski, but he enjoyed listening to a gramophone only less than to a street organ. He would never allow a pianist organ to be moved away from his door.

Piano and Pigs.

At one time M. Paderewski reared pigs. He had a wonderful pig farm, and I believe ran it at a profit—being far from the type of unworldly, uncommercial musician with whom one is familiar.

New Officers' Clubs.

So great has been the increase in the number of officers' clubs in France during the past fortnight that every town of any size from Havre to the German frontier now has its club. How they are appreciated can be judged by the fact that the latest within five minutes of its unannounced opening was crowded with diners!

Signs of the Times.

In a bookseller's shop yesterday I saw quite a large number of war books marked "1s. to clear." In many cases the published price was 6s. and 7s. 6d.

The 6-Hour Day in France.

The ordinary working-day of the soldier in France is to be six hours daily and thirty-six hours weekly. The leisure so obtained is to be devoted to sports and education. The order has already been published.

The Three R's.

Addressing his battalion in connection with the order, a well-known colonel explained: "The idea is that the Army shall devote itself mainly to the three R's—Recreation, re-education and readiness for release."

Unbearable.

At a gathering of Russian ladies and others at the house of Lady Kent, the Grand Duchess George and her young daughter were so moved at hearing from a young officer back from Petrograd the ghastly doings in that city that they had both to leave. Even men looked white on hearing what was happening there.

The Object.

With the object of relieving some of the distress in the anarchic and stricken city there will be, I learnt, a matinee at the Coliseum in a fortnight's time. The Russian Ballet will do some of their finest works.

A National Winner.

The award of a K.C.B. to Major-General D. G. M. Campbell reminds me that as a subaltern he steered The Soarer to victory for Colonel Hall Walker in the Grand National of 1896.

Rode for King Edward.

The same year and the following one he won the Grand Military Steeplechase. The last time I saw him in the saddle was at Sandown, when as a major he wore the royal livery.

A Proud Mother.

You would not think that Mme. Liane d'Eve, the Anglo-French chanteuse, was old enough to have a big soldier son. Yet she has; and this young man, a keen and daring airman, has been decorated with both the Legion d'Honneur and the Croix de Guerre for his low-flying "stunts" over the German lines.

Back in Town.

I was glad to see Sir Frank Benson back in town, looking fit after his long spell at the front. He was decorated by the French for bravery in rescuing wounded men. But he did not tell me that.

Veteran Athlete.

We all know that Sir Frank was a fine footballer in his younger days; and even now the won fire is not quite out. In France he turned out as outside right in a "Soccer" game behind the lines, with players half his age and less.

Six-Shilling Novel.

The day of the six-shilling novel at four-and-six is over, is the doleful news of a publisher. In future it will be six shillings net. "People who can afford the first price can afford the second," he adds. "And those who cannot must pay a subscription to a library."

Tearful Tailor.

"It's no joke to be a tailor in these days, what with every man wanting new suits and materials the price they are," said a clothes constructor to me the other day. He then went on to explain that serge, which at one time cost 7s. 6d., had gone up in price a sovereign a yard and even more.

A Warm Task.

Making people laugh is not always hot work, although it may not be easy, but I should say that the warmest task on the stage at the moment is that of Mr. George Green, the man who plays the dog in the Lane pantomime. "A Turkish bath isn't in it," he remarked the other night, as he raised his nose with one paw.

Dogs Deceived.

Mr. Green's dog-study is so realistic that even real ones are deceived. During the nine



Mrs. E. M. H. Lloyd, recently married to a pensions official, is a granddaughter of the first Earl Russell.



Miss Elizabeth Birch, daughter of Sir Henry Birch, enough working at the Food Ministry.

years he has been playing the dog he has been bitten several times by real "friends of man," jealous, no doubt, of the attention he attracts.

Miss D. Markham.

Miss Daisy Markham pathetically calls my attention to the fact that under a picture of her in *The Daily Mirror* she was called by a slip of the pen "Miss Dorothy Markham." But, then, everybody knows that Miss Markham's name is really Daisy.

Rats!

The rat plague is spreading from the country to the town. In some of London's outer suburbs these loathsome creatures are getting more numerous and more daring. Unless something is done to stop the increase the consequences may be more serious than we think.

Khaki Couples.

While soldiers are not now prohibited from walking out with Wives, still it is a breach of military discipline for them to walk arm-in-arm. The "red caps" would probably get heart failure if they saw such a sight.

THE RAMBLER.

*a cup of
Rowntree's
Elect Cocoa
makes a biscuit
into a meal*





THE DEPUTY GIRL

By JUNE BOLAND

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

EVE MERRIAM, secretly married to MAURICE HALSEY, whom she regards as her errant husband. PETER LISLE, in love with Eve, and RACHEL VANE, a one-time enemy of Eve.

"CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?"

IT was an hour later when Eve stole softly downstairs and opened the door of the library. She had sent a message to say that she would be there at a certain hour—the little note had been handed to Maurice as he was walking with Tom Grattan on the lawn.

Tom saw him whiten as he caught sight of the handwriting. He read the note through, then thrust it into his pocket. Eve had apologised, too, in her note for keeping him waiting needlessly that morning.

She had been watching the two men from the window. Her impulsive had been to avoid seeing Maurice until tomorrow, but in the end she had decided that the interview had to be faced.

Eve had already spent a difficult hour with Mrs. Halsey. It was difficult for the old lady to realise the situation—the tragedy for Eve. Thoughts which she knew it was her duty to suppress crowded into Eve's overwrought mind.

Why was it permitted that such things should happen to her?

Hundreds of women went through life without the weight of tragedy ever brushing them. But she, as quite a young girl, had known the meaning of the word—sorrow had followed her through the years, ever attended on her footsteps. But always Eve endeavoured to keep the word duty before her.

As she had tried to prepare herself for the coming meeting with Maurice, a sense of helplessness possessed her. How could she arrange and order her thoughts? Then cluded her constantly and again, and yet again, she found herself thinking of Peter. Peter alone in London, without her loving, tender care—kept a stranger to attend him.

A strong, vital personality made helpless by a physical defect. Eve could have wrung her hands and cried again and again at the picture conjured up before her.

Peter's eyes were to all intents and purposes ruined now. With the love and care of a woman who was ready to give up every moment of the day to him, all might have gone well with him.

But now?... Again Eve wrung her hands in despair. Of herself she thought less, her whole thoughts were with the man she loved, and whom she was forced to forsake.

At the door of the library Eve paused and laid her hands on her heart. It beat, throbbed wildly, as she could still it and be calm. She pushed the door open and entered the room.

Always afterwards she felt the faint smell of cigarette smoke, and the intangible, but not to be mistaken, smell of leather bindings. A sense of her own smallness, her own helplessness came over her—the apartment seemed lovelier than usual, making her seem almost pigmy-like. She had entered with downcast eyes, and raised her head.

On the rug in front of the fireplace Maurice stood waiting. He had been pacing up and down before her coming, glancing along towards the timepiece on the mantelshelf—now he stood motionless watching Eve coming slowly towards him.

Their glances met—husband and wife looked once more into each other's eyes. The eyes of the woman he loved, the Maurice. They were eyes buried with the love that had grown within him during his exile. What Eve saw there made her falter and grow faint, her eyes drooping once more.

She stood for a moment without moving. Maurice Halsey's face, as he watched her, twitched with feeling. Within him raged a

Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.

remors that threatened to tear his soul—but there also burned a love for this woman he had wronged—a love such as his old self had never known existed.

He watched her eyes, and as they saw his face the smile flickered with a sudden fear.

Maurice saw it and winced. He made a step forward with outstretched hand.

"I—please, do not be afraid, Eve." He spoke hesitatingly, as if uncertain what to do. Then he moved a chair forward. "Won't you sit down?" he said, in a voice Eve scarcely recognised in its new gentleness.

"I—thank you." She seated herself, then got quickly to her feet. She had seen the pain that had come into Maurice's eyes, as he thought she had ignored his outstretched hand.

She took it now and held it for a moment, and as she did so she felt his fingers close round her own. He held it fast.

"Eve," he said, in a low voice, "before I say anything I want to ask you to forgive me. You can forgive me for the past. My eyes have been opened. I see now as others must have seen it." He paused a moment, then looked into her face. "Is it possible that there is such a thing in your heart for me, Eve, as forgiveness?"

Eve stood silent. Maurice could feel her hand quivering in his grasp. She allowed it to remain there, but it lay passive, inert, save for that quivering which struck him to the heart.

A low sigh passed through her lips. For the first time pity stirred in her heart for this man who was her husband. For the first time Eve understood that he, too, had suffered, and suffered poignantly.

Remorse was the heaviest burden, perhaps, that human heart can bear. Remorse spoke from this man's every attitude, from his voice, from his eyes. It was as if Maurice's very life depended on the answer she would give.

MAURICE LEARNS THE TRUTH.

QUICKLY through her mind passed the events of her past life, her life and his. He had wooed and won her, had married her, and then abandoned her, leaving her to poverty and drudgery. If it had not been for her own effort starvation might have stared her in the face.

And he all the time, had had money in plenty. Then he had come into the world, the child which had been born to him had died through privation caused by his conduct. His loss had saved Eve's life, even though the tiny soul had counted its life by days and not by weeks.

For a moment a passionate hatred flamed up within Eve, a fury of hate, such as she had perhaps never before experienced. Forgive! Could there be such a thing as forgiveness between herself and this man? As surely as he had slain it by his own hand, so surely had he slain the child life within him.

Forgive!... Eve raised her head and gazed into the dark eyes that had so often haunted her. She held their gaze—and as she looked into their depths she saw—small and weak, perhaps, but nevertheless, there—she saw a man's soul laid bare for her gaze.

Wrath and anger were swept away as, in an instant, nothing but a gentle, an immense pity remained.

"I forgive you, Maurice," she said, and once again, "I forgive you."

She felt Maurice's hand loosen its grip, she saw him all at once bend his head and kneel at her feet.

Once more he caught her hand and held it in his; those words of forgiveness had been as balm to his soul—they had saved him. Forgiveness had given him life again. He had now the task to make him reparation—to obliterate from his beautiful wife's mind the very memory, the faintest recollection of those days. He laid his lips on her hand.

"I swear before God," Maurice said, his voice choked with emotion, "I swear before God that my whole life shall be devoted to making you forget, as well as forgive. Deep distress was in Eve's eyes as she laid her hand in his.

"Oh, please—please," she faltered, "Maurice, don't—." She covered her face for a moment with her hands, she felt Maurice pushing her back into a chair.

Then silence fell again between them—one more she was waiting. Then once again Maurice broke the silence.

"I know," he said, gently, "how difficult, how impossible everything seems to you," he was trying to think only of her, not of himself. He leaned suddenly towards her and laid his hand once more on hers. "Eve, do you know that you belong to me?—my one desire now is for your good—that all I want—is—is to make you happy as happy as possible."

Eve did not answer, but he saw her lips quiver, she clasped her hands together with a quick gesture. "I know," he went on, "that you think that is impossible, Eve—but—I am going to devote every moment of my life to that."

He stood up suddenly and drew himself erect. There was about him something infinitely rather, something that again stirred Eve's heart.

"I want to tell you this," he went on, "I want to tell you that I love you—"

Eve shrank suddenly back, she tried to suppress a shudder. Maurice raised his hand, his face was quivering with pain, he had seen that shudder.

"Yes, I love you, Eve. But it is with a actor and higher love than any you have ever enjoyed in my life before—the sort of love I brought did not exist. You knew that love, but I did not." He went on—his voice was low and intense—but I know it now." He raised his head and drew himself erect.

"I am not going to ask anything of you, Eve. I am going to wait, and while I wait I shall hope that some day—and that day will be the most glorious in my life—that some day you will summons me to your side. Eve, I love you, my beautiful wife, do you think that that day will ever come?"

Maurice's voice suddenly rang with passion, and then as suddenly he restrained himself.

"You need fear nothing, Eve," he whispered. "I am going away to-morrow—and I shall wait."

Eve felt the warm tears course down her cheeks and her hands clasped. The sight of her tears aroused an almost uncontrollable desire in Maurice to clasp her to his heart, but with superhuman strength he conquered it. If he was to win back this beautiful, gentle wife of his he must exercise self-restraint and patience. She looked towards him through her tears.

"That is not right, Maurice—I cannot accept that. It is I who ought to go—this is your home."

This is your home, Eve. My mother loves you—she will take care of you. Just give me that one hope, sweetheart, that one day, and I pray God it may not be far off, that one day you will call me to you."

Eve's tears flowed again. She rose and, going to Maurice, she laid her hands on his.

"I am not going," she whispered.

For a instant her love leapt into Maurice's face, then died away, leaving an infinite sadness.

"Eve," he said gently, "I know you do not

love me—I"—he paused a moment—"I understand. But it is best that I should go." He felt an infinite deep sense of relief which she tried to combat, but which she knew it was useless to combat.

"Is there a hope for me, some day, Eve?"

Eve felt an agony of sorrow, of anguish and for the man who stood so humbly before her.

"Maurice," she said suddenly, in a voice that was scarcely audible. "I never told you—I kept it secret, but there was a child, a boy—she left him." She saw Maurice's face turn to white.

"A boy?" He put his hand to his throat and stared at her, horror-stricken. Then his sin had been even greater than he had thought.

"Oh, my God, Eve"—he uttered the words deprecatingly—"and you can talk of forgiveness—"

"Because of him, because of that tiny soul, Maurice, I will try some day to—" Eve's voice broke. She tried to save a sob that shook Maurice to his innermost soul.

"Good God, and you can forgive!" he cried in a wonder of astonishment, "you wonderful woman, you can forgive me."

He gathered Eve's hands in his, and with deep reverence he once more laid his lips upon them. The next instant Eve was alone.

A DOUBLE LOSS.

PETER sat up in the armchair in his comfortably-furnished rooms. His figure was huddled together, his head sunk on his breast, and his hands were thrust deep into the pockets of his jacket.

To one who had not known his eyes were sightless it would have seemed that he was staring endlessly before him with hopeless written on his eyes, teeth in his mouth, mouth.

Several times his man Grant had tried to rouse him. Again and again he had come in and gazed into the room again without speaking. The fact of Peter's blindness had been made public; now the history of his wedding, which had been about to take place when the lady's husband appeared unexpectedly from the dead, had been two days' wonder.

Women who knew him had given him a few moments of sympathy and pity—some had thought too of Eve, and all it meant to her. Men, his friends, had talked over the ruin of his career at his club.

"The loss of a man of Peter Lisle's ability is a loss to the country," a statesman had observed.

"I suppose he has had the best opinion?" asked another.

"I believe he consulted McPhail, he's the best man we have in England."

"Even the best man sometimes makes mistakes," observed the statesman with an oracular smile.

"True—true. Still—world-wide reputation, you know."

"It's a tragedy for Lisle, anyhow. Tragedy is the only appropriate word."

"I am afraid all those who knew him it was—when Rachel Vane who understood most what Peter and Eve were suffering, and must suffer. She knew what the pain of a lost love meant, and it was her letter, written from the bottom of her heart, written in true sympathy, that brought a ray of comfort to Eve."

But to Peter no comfort came—nothing. The world was a void—in his heart was bitterness and a primeval anger against Fate. He had been robbed not out of his sight, but of the woman he worshipped and loved.

Don't miss to-morrow's fine instalment.

THE TIMES.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1918.

THE MILK SUPPLY.

BLIGHT OF OFFICIAL CONTROL.

LABOUR DIFFICULTY.

(BY OUR AGRICULTURAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The future of the milk supply is exercising the authorities as it has seldom done before.

No Labour or other Troubles once you have tried

IDEAL MILK

diluted in place of fresh milk or undiluted instead of cream—which is unobtainable—you will never use anything else.

PLENTIFUL SUPPLIES

AT CONTROLLED PRICE

PER 11½ d. TIN

More than 750 million tins of Ideal Milk supplied to Allied Forces during the war: finest dairy milk concentrated without sugar and

ALWAYS FRESH AND PURE



KEPT THE GOTHS AT BAY.—Group of flying men attached to an Essex aeroplane. They protected London during the raids, and many wear decorations.

NEW V.C.'S THRILLING DASH THROUGH FIRE.

Deathless Stories of Single-Handed Struggles.

TWENTY-TWO V.C.s.

"When five runners had failed to deliver an important message, Private Tower, 2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles (Preston), well aware of the fate of the runners who had already attempted the task, volunteered

"In spite of heavy fire he went straight through from cover to cover and eventually delivered the message."

The hero of this thrilling exploit is one of the twenty-two new V.C.s whose deeds are summarised below:

Capt. H. A. (Lieut-Col.) O. G. Johnson, D.S.O., M.C., S.W. Lancs., 2nd Bn., R. Fus. Regt., who forced a passage across the Sambre Canal.

The position was strong, and before the bridge could be thrown a steep bank leading up to the lock and a waterway about 100 yards short of the canal had to be crossed under heavy fire.

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson was under a very heavy fire, which, though it nearly decimated the assaulting columns, left him untouched.

KILLED AT HIS GUN.

Lt. W. D. Bissett, 1/6th Bn., Arg. and Suth. Highlands (T.F.). Under heavy fire he led his men to charge with the bayonet, drove back the enemy with heavy loss, and later, again charging forward, established his line.

2nd Lieut. J. Kirk, late 10th, attd. 2nd Bn. Manchester R., continuously maintained fire for a bridging party from a most exposed position till killed at his gun.

Serge. T. A. Tait, 12th Bn. R. Sc. Fus. (Carluke), rushed an enemy farmhouse, single-handed, and under heavy fire captured the position and eighteen prisoners.

Sergt. J. Clarke, 15th Bn. Lanc. Fus. (Rochdale). When in command of a platoon, he led his men forward with great determination, and, after being held up by heavy machine-gun fire, rushed forward through a thick, strongly-held fire, captured in succession four machine guns and single-handed, won the Victoria Cross.

Sergt. A. A. Curtis, 2nd Bn. R. Fus. Fus. (Newlyn East, Cornwall). During an attack near Le Cateau he rushed forward through our own barrage and the enemy fire, and killed and wounded the teams of two machine guns and captured four others.

Then, turning his attention to a trainload of reinforcements, he succeeded in capturing over 100 enemy before his comrades joined him.

Sgt. A. E. G. G. 21st Bn. Coy. R.E. (Leith). For most conspicuous bravery near Ors, when with a party building a floating bridge across the canal.

The supreme devotion to duty of this gallant sapper, who collapsed from gas poisoning on completion of his work, was beyond all praise.

WENT FACK FOR PALS.

Sergt. F. C. Riggs, M.M., late 6th Bn., York and Lancs. R. (Bournemouth)—Having led his platoon through strong uncut wire under severe fire, he continued straight on, under heavy fire, and succeeded in reaching his objective, where he rushed and captured a machine gun.

Pte. (L/Cpl.) W. H. Colman, D.C.M., M.M., 1/6th Bn., N. Staffs. R. (T.F.) (Winshill, Burton-on-Trent), hearing that wounded had been left behind during a retreat, went forward alone in the face of a fierce enfilade fire, found the wounded, dressed them, and, under heavy fire, twice carried his comrades on his back to safety.

Pte. A. Wilkinson, 1/5th Bn., Manch. R. (T.F.) (Leigh).—Four runners in succession having been killed in an endeavour to deliver a message to the supporting company, Private Manch. volunteered for the duty.

Pte. N. Harvey, 1st Bn. R. Inn. Fus. (Newton-le-Willows).—When his battalion was held up by machine guns, he charged forward and engaged the enemy single-handed, disposing of twenty enemy and capturing two guns.

Pte. F. G. Miles, 1/5th Bn. Glou. R. (T.F.) (Coleford, Glos.).—For most conspicuous bravery in attack during the advance against the Bois l'Eveque.

Finally, he stood up and beckoned to his company, who, acting on his signals, were enabled to work round the rear of the line and to capture sixteen machine guns, one officer and fifty other ranks.

The other V.C.s are: Lt. F. Gregg, M.M., R. Can. Regt., Nova Scotia; T/Capt. J. MacGregor, M.C., D.C.M., 2nd C.M.R. Bn., 1st Central Ontario Regt.; Lt. S. L. Honey, D.C.M., M.M., late 75th Bn., Manitoba Regt., who died of wounds received during the last day of attack by his battalion; Lt. G. M. Ingram, M.M., 24th Bn. A.I.F.; Lt. G. F. Kerr, M.C., M.M., 3rd Bn. 1st Central Ontario Regt.; Lt. Maxwell, C.D.C.M., 18th Bn. A.I.F.; Sergt. J. Merrifield, 4th Bn. Central Ontario Regt.; Pte. T. Ricketts, 1st Bn. Newfoundland Regt.; Cpl. (A/Sgt.) J. B. Daykin, 2/4th Yorks and Lancs. (Jedburgh).

PHOTOGRAPHS FREE FROM DORA.

The War Office announces that certain Army Council orders having been cancelled, it is no longer necessary to obtain a permit from the War Office Chief Postal Censor or Admiralty for the dispatch abroad of printed or illustrated matter, including photographs and other pictorial representations, blue prints or stamps.

Such matter, therefore, while still subject to censorship, can now be transmitted abroad in the ordinary way.

MY LADY'S CHOICE FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY



Mildly is able to tuck her hands away just as cosily as the American sailor, only into a jaunty coat of grey faintly rimmed with silver and trimmed abundantly with blue fox.

A word as to skirts—they are, of course, narrow. Of the short, but we are told that American women prefer the elegance of the longer garment. The English woman may have which she pleases, and, of course, she will choose the style which is best suited to her individual type. The newest colours for suits are most favourable to the woman with Titian locks. They are mahogany, castor colour and henna.

M.P.'s "PUNCH."

What Happened to Man Who Interrupted an Election Meeting.

"EMPIRE JACK" SUMMONED.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Norton Griffiths, M.P. for Central Wandsworth and who is familiarly known as "Empire Jack," was summoned by Charles William Heffer, a builder's labourer, of Bandon-valley, Wandsworth, and the South-Western Police Court yesterday for assaulting him at a political meeting at Cottenham Lane School, Wandsworth, on December 13.

Complainant said that Colonel Robinson, in making a vote of confidence in the candidate, said: "Sir John is a good man. He is straight."

"I shouted out that he is not straight in his voting, and a woman said: 'Yes, he is.' I said: 'No, he is not. Why did he vote in favour of taxing soldiers' and sailors' pensions?'

"Sir John jumped up and yelled out: 'Are you soldier?' I said: 'No.' Then he said: 'Have you been a soldier?' and I said that I had not, but that we could not all be soldiers."

Sir John then jumped off the platform and, taking me unawares, hit me.

Sir John, giving evidence, said that Heffer always came to the meetings to interrupt.

There was a disturbance, and witness heard a funny remark about the Army.

"I walked down the hall," explained the defendant, "for the purpose of preventing the interlocutor to play the game," and as I left Heffer I understood the impression that he was going to hit me. Naturally I tried to get mine in first." (Laughter.)

No fine was imposed, but an order made against Sir John to pay 10s. damage and five guineas costs.

NO CHEAPER SMOKES.

Probable Period of Twelve Months Before Prices Are Lowered.

Cigarettes and tobacco will not be cheaper for about twelve months to come.

The official restrictions are to be removed on Saturday next, but this will not immediately affect either prices or supplies.

The present prices were fixed by the Tobacco Control Board, and the figures decided upon were arrived at after taking into account the increase in cost of raw material and the excise which is now 8s. 2d. per pound, as against 3s. 2d. before the war.

The tobacco and cigarette manufacturers, Mr. Isidor Gluckstein, points out, have in hand a large stock of tobacco for which war prices and the high rate of duty were paid, and these must be used before retail prices can fall.

THE PET DOGS NEVER ENDING NEEDS.

Toilet Sets and Goggles Among Requisites.

FASHIONS IN DOLL-LAND.

Which do you think would cost the most, an outfit for a baby, a dog, or a doll?

At present prices an infant's requirements amount to about £80, but a dog or a doll can be handsomely provided for as below:

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Dog's fur collar	3 6	Sports coat	3 6
Harness	3 6	Tutu vest at 1s.	2 0
Sleeping mat	6 9	Silk underset.	1 6
Cradle	2 0	A pair of shoes	1 6
Bones to play	2	2 pairs of socks at	1 6
With	3 0	4d. each	0 8
Coat	5 6	H. & L. knit	0 8
Coat with pocket	5 6	A pair of stays	1 0
A dozen handkerchiefs at 1s.	6 0	A pair of gaiters	0 8
Cap	6 0	U. & G. hat	2 0
Green hand-knitted jersey	9 6	Trimmed hat	2 0
Carrying basket	18 6	Bib	1 0
M. O. r. i. n. g.	5 6	Opera glasses	1 0
goggles	1 6	Jewellery, pearl	0 8
Bath	1 6	Powder-box, puff	2 9
A liquid shampoo	1 3	and scent bottle	3 11
powder	1 3	Toilet set	3 11
Round after-noon tea	1 3	Umbrella	1 0
car with bells	3 6	Parasol	1 0
Bunnie bow in satin and Alies' colours	3 6		
Plaited whip	1 0		
	£5 3 0		

In addition some dogs require perfume and jewellery, while the "vet's" bill must be taken into account.

"Women spend enormous sums on dogs," an assistant of a hosier and dogs' outfitter said to *The Daily Mirror*.

"The dog's brush and comb are often monogrammed. The collars are studded with jewels."

Large orders are sent to toy shops for dolls' trousseaux, and an assistant, "are particular about the colour of the garments they choose for their dolls'. Blues and pinks are fashionable in Doll-land."

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Ministers Must Be Responsible for Efficiency, Says Committee.

The report of the machinery of Government Committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction, of which Lord Haldane was chairman, has been issued.

Discussing the question of adopting a definite principle on which to distribute business between departments, the Committee says:—

"The method which we recommend is that of defining the field of activity in the case of each department according to the particular service which it renders."

"Such divisions of the business of Government as Home, Education and Defence would each be under separate administration, the Cabinet being in a position of supreme executive direction, and Parliament holding the various Ministers responsible for the efficiency of the service."

"There must be increased co-operation between departments."

ENGLISH GOVERNESS' CHANCE.

"There is a great future for the girls who have learned nursing in this war," said a Labour Exchange official to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "as thousands of girls will be wanted to take up positions abroad, especially in French families. The German governess is 'taboo.' The 'English Miss' will be wanted in her place."

VIEWS ON BEAUTY.

How Men and Women Adopt Different Standpoints.

"DAILY MIRROR" COMPETITION.

"Women have entirely different ideas of beauty in their own sex to men." Thus writes a competitor to *The Daily Mirror*, who, at the same time, expresses the hope that both men and women will be included in the judges of the great £1,000 *Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition.

The closing date of the competition is January 15. Photographs received later will be disqualified. The £1,000 offered by *The Daily Mirror* to Britain's most beautiful women war workers will be divided into forty-nine cash prizes, thus—

First prize £500 Twenty prizes

Second prize 100 each of £10

Third prize 50 Twenty-five prizes

Fourth prize 25 each of 5

All photographs must be addressed to the Beauty Competition Editor, *The Daily Mirror*, 23-29, Bouverie-street, E.C. 4.

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THE SALE THAT WISE FOLK WAIT FOR

FAMOUS GERMAN SEA RAIDER PHOTOGRAPHED FROM BRITISH WARSHIP AT KIEL.



The famous German sea-raider Moewe, second from right, in the naval harbour at Kiel. Photographed from one of the British warships which went to the naval port to make

sure that the German naval authorities were honestly carrying out the disarmament conditions accepted by them when armistice was granted by the Allies.



AT CANADIAN WAR PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBITION.—A party of merry Canadian soldiers returning from a smashing blow at the Huns by tank transport. On view at Grafton Galleries.



Miss Gladys Cooper, who will appear in character as Juliet.



Mr. Owen Nares, who will represent Romeo.



Miss Delysia, who is to impersonate "Lucifer."

AT THE STAGE BALL.—Well-known players who will appear in character at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening, when the great Stage Ball takes place.



AT CANADIAN WAR PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBITION.—General Hayter looking at one of the great pictures representing the burning of Cambrai after the Huns had evacuated the city.—(Daily Mirror.)



SPLENDID RECORD.—A howitzer which fired over twenty thousand rounds at Messines, Ypres and on the Italian front, photographed with survivors of its original crew.

Daily Mirror

Tuesday, January 7, 1919.

NEWLY GAZETTED V.C.s.



Lieut.-Col. Dudley Graham Johnson, D.S.O., M.C., of the South Wales Borderers, awarded the Victoria Cross for courage and leadership shown during the attack of the Sambre Canal under a very heavy fire from the enemy.



Capt. John MacGregor, M.C., of the Central Ontario Rgt., awarded the Victoria Cross for leading his company, under intense fire during an attack near Cambrai. His conduct is described as magnificent.



Lieutenant George Fraser Kerr, M.C., M.M., of Central Ontario Regiment, awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery and gallant leadership during operations in Bourlon Wood. He "was an inspiring example to all."



Sergt. Thomas Caldwell, of the Royal Scottish Fusiliers, awarded the V.C. for bravery. When engaged in clearing a dangerous minefield he single-handed captured an enemy position with eighteen prisoners. He was in command of a Lewis gun section.



Lce.-Opi. Coltman, of the North Staffordshire Rgt., awarded the V.C. for conspicuous devotion to duty during operations on the line of the St. Quentin Canal. He went forward alone in face of enameled fire and rescued wounded.



DEAD.—Lady Webb, wife of Colonel Sir Henry Webb, of Cardiff, ex-M.P., for Forest of Dean, whose death has just been reported.

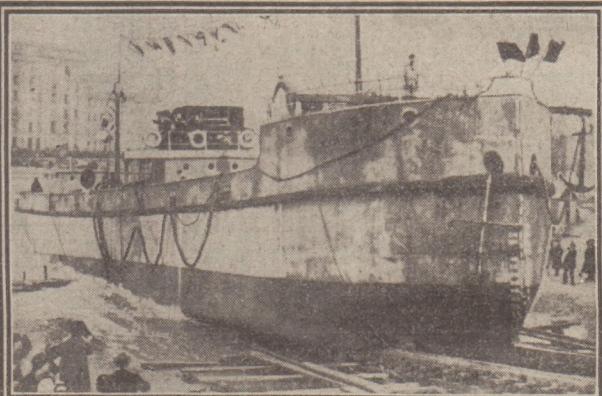


FROM LOWER DECK.—Capt. T. J. Lyons, R.N., believed to be the first bluejacket in the Navy to attain captain's rank. He entered the Navy as a boy.

SINN FEINERS DEMAND RELEASE OF PRISONERS.



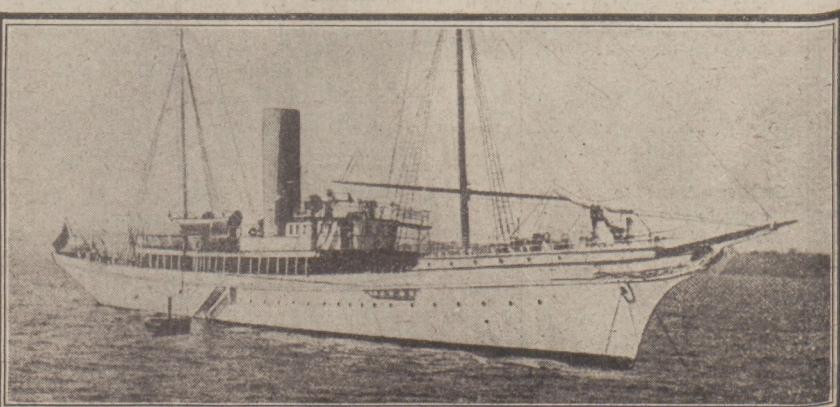
Great demonstration in Dublin to demand release of Sinn Fein prisoners. The result of the parliamentary elections in Ireland has made Sinn Feiners feel themselves to be masters of the situation.



FRANCE'S FIRST CONCRETE SHIP.—Launch of the first ferro-concrete ship to be built in France. Our Allies are shipbuilding to the full extent of their capabilities, and a fleet of concrete ships is a part of the great general scheme they are carrying out.



UNDER ARREST.—Captain Lanu, the hero of a record altitude flight, who has been placed under open arrest for disclosing details of his climb without permission.



STORNOWAY DISASTER.—The steam yacht Iolaire, which was conveying sailors on leave and discharged to their homes in the Island of Lewis, Outer Hebrides, when it foundered with the loss of some 250 lives. The Iolaire was the private yacht of the late Sir Donald Currie, and was a first-class sea-going boat of about 1,000 tons.